A Royal Rupture; King George's Predicament.

Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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A GOOD ONE TO FOLLOW.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM FOR KING GEORGE.

Unwelcome Russian Grand Duke creates an unpleasant situation for the British Royalties.

Feared Estrangement of the Queen-Mother and her Russian Sister.

There is trouble at Sandringham just now. All the keen insight of Lord Knollys in London, and all the diplomatic tactics of Lord Stamfordham at Sandringham are being requisitioned in order to straighten out an impasse which has not added to the gaiety of the Royalties for a month past. Things at the moment are at an unpleasant standstill, in expectation of events which must happen, if the air is to be cleared. Three months ago the relations of the Royal Houses of Guelph and Romanoff arrived at a pitch of felicity, not to say of keen friendship, such as had never before existed between the two families. Two things had contributed to this result. From the moment the Tsarina gave birth to a son she, by the law of the Romanoffs, became Tsarina in actuality, as well as in name.

Until she presented her husband with a son, the Tsar's mother remained legally the Tsar's nearest adviser. Strange that it should be so, of course, but everything relating to the Royal House of Romanoff *is* strange. But no sooner was Queen Alexandra's Russian sister released from her legal obligations to her son's crown and dynasty by the birth of the little Tsarevitch, than she hastened to put into practice the dream of her life, which was to pass a good part of every year with Queen Alexandra. But as from his birth the Tsarevitch's life has not been worth counting upon, it was decided that the Dowager Empress Marie should not entirely cease to reside in Russia, lest she might be called upon to return, which would be somewhat of a *contretemps*.

* * *

Queen Alexandra's Sister prepares to settle in London.

So every year, at the close of the London season, it has become the custom of Queen Alexandra and her Russian sister to meet in London, then go on to Copenhagen, and, having enjoyed themselves for a few days at their old home, Charlottenlund, to repair for a couple of months to their villa on the Danish coast, Hvidoere, which they have now jointly owned for some years. This custom has had the result of making Empress Marie more determined than ever to come to England for good. This desire finally took shape in the preparation of special apartments for Her Imperial Majesty at Sandringham, and a look round was made for a suitable town house for the Russian Dowager's household. The Russian royalties are a very divided lot, and mutual antipathies are numerous. So those members of the Romanoff dynasty who may be described as the Empress Marie's coterie foresaw in Her Imperial Majesty's expatriation from Russia "a better land," and better times, in Old England. To celebrate the coming "expatriation" the Marie-ites all came over last season, along with the Dowager Empress, and they had a right royal time in London and the country.

* * *

"'Twas all Serene!"

Between Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace there were little inconspicuous processions of royalties and day long, with big dinners at night, theatre-parties, and no suppers and dances after. Unfortunately the Russians too readily failed to remember that they were no longer Petersburg; and when Queen Mary heard about the Gra Duke Alexander's rag-time dance at the Savoy the lig seemed to go out in Her Majesty's boudoir in Buckingha Palace. (Our readers will remember what we said at t time—how the advanced turkey-trotting amongst the Gra Duke's guests made some of the ladies go hot and co several times within the hour, and how the Grand Duk guests were so delirious at the pace he had set them that th clubbed together to get up another dance on the sam hilarious lines by way of returning the compliment.)

The Tecks, of course, had had nothing to do with t coming of the Russians, they being in no way concerne except out of compliment to the King. However, a me rag-time dance wasn't, of course, anything to make a so about, and so, with the end of the season, the Royal Fami went off to Scotland, and Queen Alexandra, Prince Victoria, and the Russians all went together to Denmar "And," as they used to say when Alexandra and Dagm were brides instead of widows. "'twas all serene!"

* * *

The Tsar's Banning of his Brother from the Cour of Europe.

A month passed away happily enough. Never were t two families so united, so affectionate. The announceme of the Connaught-Fife betrothal brought a cheery ring the mutual relations of the whole of the Royalties, and October Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie prepare to return to Sandringham for the winter. But just befo they sailed what was their consternation to learn th Empress Marie's disgraced son, Grand Duke Micha Alexandrovitch, had taken a house near London (Kne worth) and had brought his morganatic wife with him. Th was a blow to the Anglo-Russian Royal entente, if you lik for it upset every plan which had been formed! The pos tion between the Tsar and his brother was stated in the columns on August 5th last as follows:

"The Tsar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandr vitch, never comes to this country. Since he ran away wi a well-known St. Petersburg ballet girl he has not been cou tenanced anywhere, and the Tsar has never forgiven hi All his property is now under the control of the Imperi Appanage Department of the Russian Court, and the Gra Duke is almost an exile, although he is still allowed to resi in Russia."

* * *

Empress Marie is Compelled to remain out o England!

To this it may be added that the Tsar has now mani fested his anger at his brother's marriage in the severe form, by issuing a manifesto revoking his brother's appoint ment as Regent at the time of the Tsarevitch's birth, an during his minority in the event of his (the Tsar's) death Another ukase has also been issued under which the sol income of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch is derive from a pension granted by the Imperial Appanage Depart ment. In other words, the Tsar has placed his brother an his wife under a ban; has granted no title to the Grand Duke's wife; and the pair are *outréd* from the Courts o Europe. Consequently, King George of England is in the same position as the rest of the monarchs in not being able to receive the Grand Duke and Madame Brassou, and up to now no official recognition of the pair has been given by our own royalties, notwithstanding the bonfires and fireworks which heralded the arrival of the exiles at Knebworth a few weeks ago.

* * *

An Embarrassing Position for all Concerned.

In such a position the Dowager Empress Marie had to cancel her engagements in England, and remain in Den mark, as she could hardly come to London and be unable to receive her own son. The Grand Duke Michael Michaelo vitch, the cousin of the Tsar, who has lived permanently in England for many years with Countess Torby and their daughters, went off to Paris while the telegraph wires bridged the difficulty, but up till now the impasse remains. Whether the Tsar will eventually remove the ban upon his brother so that he may have the entrée to English hospitality remains to be seen. In the interim, the Dowager Empress

DULY CONSIDERED.

or: "And you would not be afraid to marry an aviator?"
ss: "Oh, no! If anything happened I should get a splendid advertisement, and, besides, I always look my best in black."

has gone to Paris, hoping for the best, though entirely g that the head of the Romanoffs cannot be flouted punity, even by his own brother. The signal that mosphere has been cleared will be her arrival in d, but that event is not likely to happen yet.

* * *

in the Court.

e has been a lot of illness amongst the Court folk Sir William Carington, who is Keeper of H.M.'s urse, has lost his wife; and Sir Arthur Davidson, who of Queen Alexandra's equerries, is ill. Sir Charles ick has also been very ill, but Sir Charles Cust is again. The late Lady Carington had been *persona* with the Royalties for many years. Her husband is Lincolnshire's brother, and, as most people know, Lord shire was a great crony of King Edward's from the hen they were at the 'Varsity together. As a member Royal Household Lord Lincolnshire can look back is occupancy of the Lord Chamberlainship with pride, made no mistakes, and all his successors have managed their foot in it at least once during their period of The present Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sandhurst, ought ve the biggest cheque ever presented to a Press Agent. should be signed "Gaby Deslys.") Lord Lincolnshire longer a young man, though no one would call him He is young enough, anyway, to be proud of the fact th the exception of Lord Charles Beresford he is the ember of the little Marlborough House set whom King d had about him forty years ago. All the others are There was the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Aylesford, of the present peer; Lord Dupplin, Lord Clonmell, ke of Newcastle, Mr. Harry Tyrwhitt, and the three r "furriners" of whom His Royal Highness was so but all have gone, and "Bob" Carrington and elie B," are the only ones left.

Robert Smith becomes a Marquis.

And how well Robert Carrington has done out of the Royal favour thus accorded him. Fondly as he may have dreamed of social eminence when he and "Charlie B." set out for India with the Heir-Apparent forty odd years ago, he could scarcely have dreamed that from being plain Mr. Carrington (his real name was Smith) he would live to be "the Most Noble the Marquis of Lincolnshire, K.G.," etc., etc. However, it has happened, and though no other man in history was ever able to sign himself "Carrington, K.G." as his Lordship did before he was made a Marquis, the Blue Riband has rested upon many a less worthy breast. In one generation "Bob" Carrington has scored every honour, except a dukedom, which the Sovereign could confer upon him! Which makes the story of how the Smiths became Lords Carington (one "r," please!) all the funnier.

Lord Lincolnshire's grandfather was the banker, Robert Smith, of Whitehall. The business house of the Smiths stood just where the new War Office has lately risen. Amongst the banker's customers was the statesman Pitt, and the original Bob Smith asked Pitt to give him the *entrée* of the Horse Guards, which, standing just opposite his house, would give him a short cut to the fashionable quarter of London. "My dear Smith," replied Pitt, "I am sorry, but it can't be done. I can't give a Banker the *entrée*, but I'll tell you what I *will* do—I will make you an Irish peer!" And it was done.

* * *

Lord Lincolnshire Horse-whips an Editor.

Besides going to India with King Edward as Prince of Wales, Bob Carrington came in for a nice job as Governor of New South Wales, where he is still well remembered as a man who never wasted his words. When he sat down at his first public dinner in the Colony he heard a fat man opposite remark, "Thank God, he can't speak!" The Walers had

suffered somewhat from the loquacity of Bob's predecessor. Lord Lincolnshire was genuinely devoted to King Edward, owing to the way the then Prince of Wales stood by him under somewhat trying circumstances. Lord Lincolnshire had, as he thought, been rather too severely criticised in a topical paper, so he took the law into his own hands, sought out the editor with a horse-whip, and gave him a dose of it by way of remembrance. He quickly figured in a police-court in consequence, and it became known that his solicitor had brought into court certain papers containing slanders on the Royal Family, which were to have been published by the editor in question.

A desperate attempt was made to seize these documents from Lord Carington's solicitors. The doors of the Court were slammed to, and Lord Carington leaped the rails and pounded the assailants for all he was worth. The ex-Lord Chancellor, Earl Halsbury, who was then a struggling barrister, had an ink-pot flung at his head, but with the ink trickling down his cheek, and a gory gash in his head, he vigorously continued the battle, which lasted a full quarter of an hour. The Prince stood by "Bob" all through this trying period, and Lord Carington's devotion lasted a lifetime. His wife is the only member of old Lord Suffield's family who never occupied a place at Court, but she was very popular in New South Wales, for all that. She has presented Lord Lincolnshire with many daughters, but only one son.

* * *

The Durham Skeleton.

Lord Durham, next week's host of the King and Queen for shooting at Lambton Castle, his splendid seat in his titular county, is an ardent sportsman and supporter of the Turf, and a personal friend of His Majesty. At one time he was in the Coldstream Guards, and now is president of the Durham Territorial Force Association. Lord Durham has worked hard for the purity of the Turf, and is a genial personage without apparently a care in the world, but though a married man Lambton has not his wife for chatelaine, the hostess when he entertains there and at Exning, Newmarket, being his unmarried sister, Lady Anne Lambton, who is as popular as her brother. The matter is a delicate one, but people with long memories will recollect a notable suit of twenty-eight years ago when the Earl petitioned for nullity of marriage on account of the insanity of his still surviving wife, a sister of Mary Lady Gerard. It was alleged that the lady had been induced to mate with Lord Durham, she being at the time in love with Lord Westmorland, then Lord Burghersh, who did not succeed to the earldom till some nine years later, but the Earl failed to obtain release.

* * *

An Eccentric Lambton Ancestor.

The Lambton's have held great estates in Durham for centuries, and they and the Earls of Scarborough (the Lumleys of Lumley Castle) are the only houses in the male line that still occupy the land in the county from which they take their name. For four centuries at least—possibly much longer, for many family records were destroyed during the Civil War—the Lambton estates have passed from father to son in almost unbroken succession. A Lambton died at Marston Moor, and his grandson was the famous William Lambton, nicknamed "Old Will," or "True Blue," who represented Durham in seventeen Parliaments. He was entirely indifferent to appearances, and generally seen in the House clad in grey homespun made from the wool of his own sheep, and in thick shoes, such as he wore in the country. The first Earl was grandfather of the present popular head of the family. Lambton Castle occupies a commanding position on the banks of the Wear, and is a splendid Gothic pile built from the designs of an Italian artist and architect, though the pride of the place are the huge bastions supporting it, doubtless the foundations of the older residence. The private chapel is one of the largest in any English country house, and the noble owner not only keeps up his grand home in true old baronial style and magnificence, but excels as a host.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

She; "And would you give these awful suffragettes the vote?"
He: "Well, if you give *them* the vote, the women will be wanting it next."

"I have £3,000 a year and a car. Surely you could get along on that?"
"Yes, my dear boy, but I hate the thought of you starving."

PLAIN SPEAKING.

ious Journalism.

he difficulty with many of our present-day politicians the newspapers which support them is that they are ble to distinguish between a Bill and an Act—that is to between proposed legislation and the law of the land. to this fact that we owe the continued agitation against onal Insurance—an agitation, in some of its phases, as and discreditable as has ever disgraced a political party. e people recognise that the Insurance Act has come to that it is now part of our national life. That it requires ndment in many ways is very evident; this was antici- even by its reputed author, Mr. Lloyd George. But is a vast difference between genuine criticism designed lp in perfecting the measure when amending Bills are g considered, and the continual and continued campaign ildishly spiteful vilification which is pursued by the less table members of the Conservative party and press. offenders in this way the *Daily Express* is perhaps the t, and the crudest imaginable specimen of political paigning is to be found in the series of articles designed blacken the memory of the late Dr. Dimock, of Wisbech, ch have been appearing in that journal. It passes my prehension how it can be supposed to be a fatal criticism e Act, and of Mr. George, that Dr. Dimock was, or was guilty of sending anonymous postcards to the medical who made life a burden to him at Wisbech. Moreover, a new and unwelcome phase of journalism that a daily r, no matter how yellow in hue, in this country should iberately make this regrettable affair a peg on which to g criticism of the Government and its ways. We do not re to have introduced into England the American practice rime investigation by journalists whose ideals of justice perverted by political prejudice. It is far better that nes and misdemeanours should be examined in the more icial atmosphere of the courts

An Astute Policeman.

The new Prefect of Police in Paris, M. Hennion, is evidently a bit of a cynical wag. Being bothered because women with whom he had official appointments were invariably late, he has had their waiting-room fitted up like a boudoir, with a dressing-table provided with all those little adjuncts to the feminine toilet which are beloved of the fair Parisienne, who rightly believes in making the best of herself. Now, we are told, the women arrive with ample time to paint and powder themselves, and—in the words of Josh Billings—"orl is peas." At any rate the Chief of Police will always see the ladies at their best. In this country our high police officials find that women prefer to interview them in a state of shrieking dilapidation. A suffragette, for example, doesn't consider herself in trim until half her clothes are torn from her back. (By the way, how is it in these encounters that only the clothes at the back suffer?) Only in that condition has she been able to achieve the vixenish lack of all sense of decency which has lately been far too frequently displayed by members of the gentler sex.

* * *

Bernard and the Bishops.

It would be unwise to take Mr. Bernard Shaw's little encounter with the Bishops too seriously, although his letter to the *Times* contained a very large amount of pungent common sense. At any rate I do not imagine that the Gaby Deslys incident is going to provoke such a tremendous "purity" campaign as some of the Churchmen would have us believe. Mr. Shaw's little tirade has about knocked the bottom out of the crusade—if it ever were likely—though it would be exceedingly easy to pick holes in G.B.S.'s logic if it were worth while, which it isn't. The fact is that the "powerful organised campaign" which is threatened will fail for sheer lack of material to work upon, and for want of the support of public opinion which is necessary for success. Taken all round, music-hall performances of the present day are singularly clean and unobjectionable. Not

even a prude on the prowl could take exception to a solitary item in an average programme of the Coliseum, Palace, Empire, Alhambra, London Opera House, Hippodrome, Palladium, or other first-class hall, and it is ridiculous to pretend that the moral tone of these places is doing anything but improving. Occasional objectionable "turns" may be witnessed, and this paper has not hesitated to criticise severely "acts" which are vulgar or suggestive. But there are absolutely no grounds for a general attack upon the halls.

* * *

A Clerical "Red-herring."

The fact is that the Churches, and particularly the Established Church, have been subjected to very severe criticism of late, on the score that they are out of touch with the national life, and the "music-hall morals" cry serves as a convenient red-herring to draw across the trail. No cry could be taken up which would be so freely advertised by the newspaper; in no other way could a large amount of cheap notoriety be obtained; no course of action calls for less expenditure of brain power. It is a sad reflection that with so many serious social problems to be solved, so many social sores to be healed, the Church can find no better outlet for its energies than to indulge in a fruitless and unnecessary attack upon the people's amusements. Let the Bishop of London head a campaign against the sweater who pays starvation wages to women workers and drives them into immorality and crime! Let him agitate for a living wage, for a place in the sun for the submerged tenth. Let him lead the van in an attack upon rich slum-owners who batten on the miseries of the poor. There is so much real work for the Church to do that it should have no time to waste on futile and miserable Puritan campaigns which will only bring it into greater disrepute with thoughtful men.

* * *

The Suffragette Army.

It appears that the example of Sir Edward Carson is to be followed in more ways than one by the army which is being enrolled by Sir Francis Vane to serve beneath the banner of the W.S.P.U. The wooden guns of Ulster are to be paralleled by the wooden stair-balusters, chair-legs, and shillelaghs of the "suffragarmy." Within its ranks, we are told, both men and women are to be found, who are all being instructed in fencing and ju-jitsu, so that the poor police are in for a more gaudy time than ever. Of course all this preparation for trouble is not without its serious side; it cannot be laughed off as a mere joke. If the "army" does take the field the police will have to take prompt action, and it will become more and more difficult for the Government to refrain from arresting the Ulster leaders who have served as the shining example of the ease with which the law can be set at defiance. I rather fancy that the Reading election and the trouble Mr. Masterman has had in the East End will go far to push the Government into arresting Sir Edward Carson—much as they dislike making a martyr of that gentleman. The signs are plain that the sentence upon Mr. Larkin for saying exactly the same sort of thing as the Ulster "loyalists" say nearly every day in the week, is being taken deeply to heart by the democracy of this country.

* * *

The Lord Mayor as a Prophet.

The new Lord Mayor of London signalised his advent to office by indulging in a column and a half of prophecies in the *Daily Express* concerning the appearance and habits of London a hundred years hence. It is a bad precedent—not that Sir Vansittart Bowater's prognostications are without interest, even if somewhat obvious, but because we expect a certain amount of dignity from a Lord Mayor and do not welcome his appearance as a rival to Old Moore or Zadkiel. It is common nowadays even for members of the aristocracy to employ press agents, who see that their clients receive as much publicity as they deserve—if not more. But the Lord Mayor should be above this sort of thing. At any rate if he *must* rush into print he might choose a more reputable newspaper as the medium to convey his more or less valuable ideas to the public. Anyhow, I'll let it go at that, for really in the whole one-and-a-half columns there is not a word or a prediction which might not have been uttered by the traditional intelligent school-boy. Where he might be expected to say something worthy of the clever business man (such as he undoubtedly is) he takes refuge in a mere vague and unsatisfactory query, and shrinks from committing himself. Anyhow, Sir V. Bowater probably already regrets his too easy surrender to the blandishments of an enterprising yellow newspaper, so I say no more.

* * *

A Sensible Poet Laureate.

Some misguided individuals are attacking Dr. Bridges, the Poet Laureate, because he has not chipped in with an ode on the marriage of Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife. In reality every lover of poetry, and every upholder of the office of a national poet, should be glad that we have at last got a bard who refuses to harness his muse to the ceremonies of the Court. I cannot see that there is anything particularly inspiring in this wedding, popular as was the bridegroom. But as previous holders of the position have turned out some most egregious verse upon similar provocation it is apparently expected that Dr. Bridges will do likewise. The only result of such procedure in the past has been to bring the office of Poet Laureate into disrepute, and Dr. Bridges will be wise indeed if he refuses to churn out alleged poetry to order. If he waits until the spirit moves him I, for one, shall be very pleased. Quality and not quantity is what the nation's bard should give us.

* * *

The Right to Kill.

An illuminating instance of the difference in the official mind of this country and of France is provided by an amusing little episode at Tours. A chauffeur in that town was careless enough to run over two policemen, whereupon the Mayor promptly issued an edict fixing the speed limit for all motors within the town boundaries at six and a half miles per hour. The local doctors petitioned the authorities asking for an exemption in their case, but the local Council, after a heated debate, replied—"We do not see our way to permitting doctors, in addition to the other means which they possess and which we cannot control, to kill their fellow-citizens by running over them." After this retort courteous the medical men are seriously considering whether to shake the dust of the place from their feet, and leave the good people of Tours to die a natural death. Of course, this grimly sarcastic response would be impossible in England, for the simple reason that our rulers would never think of placing any restriction upon the right of those fortunate enough to own motor-cars of killing anybody that comes in their path. Even if a policeman on duty is killed—as at Ludgate Circus a few weeks ago—nothing happens. The killer gets more sympathy than blame.

The Chimpanzee: "No wonder they have to keep those curious-looking people behind iron bars!"

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Evidently not all the Yorkshiremen are hard-headed and sible. Some little proceedings in the Bridlington Police urt last week showed that when the inhabitants of that ering-place have a respite from the summer duty of taking strangers they are ridiculously inclined to let themselves . William Woodhouse, vice-chairman of the local Parish uncil, and John Williams Bayes, chairman of the Water- rks Committee, engaged in a bout of making grimaces at another, and the former's son, John William, joined in a threat to knock Bayes's head off—presumably being ious of this gentleman's success in pulling the ugliest face the encounter. There was no actual thrashing, but the tter was thrashed out in Court. It was a pity the Bench not order the application of the birch rod, which seems ing to those who indulge in such childish practices.

* * *

Recently there was a big ciety crush at one of the y large smart hotels on the uth coast. The manager, in nferring beforehand with the usekeeper as to what after- on teacloths should be used, marked "The second ones ill do. Last time when our st were used there were four- en short after the show!" It as often been a matter of culation why in lodgings e so often has a mixture of ver and knives marked with e names of various hotels. he same manager threw some ht on the subject when he ned that in stock-taking every ree months it was nothing traordinary to find fifty zen knives missing, and ten as much silver. No onder hotels grow more and re expensive to stay in. e waiters evidently follow e lead set them by their trons.

* *

What explanation or refuta- on will the authorities of uy's Hospital have to offer e public in connection with e emphatic statement made st Monday in open court at outhwark by Dr. Martin, of ermondsey, concerning the eatment of patients who have dergone operations at uy's?

* *

Will discriminate kissing er become popular? Accord- g to Mrs. Scharlieb "indis- minate" kissing is utterly ly.

* * *

Who is the Princess who gets such reliable racing tips? it true it's "clairvoyance"?

* * *

Is John Beth really dead? Or is he a naturalized English- an with a residence in a northern suburb? Is the Grand uke Franz Ferdinand's visit to England due to a desire to certain whether this is a fact?

* * *

That the nobleman's son, who recently became a convert the principles of Christian science, was unable to cure mself of the "severe attack of influenza," which he offered an explanation for not turning up at the society function iven chiefly in his interests.

* * *

Was the "attack" in question the result of the sound rashing administered to him by the irate parent of the ark-eyed "flapper," and if he likely to put in an appear- nce at the house in Manchester Square for some little me to come?

The Rev. Dr. Watkinson, a gentleman whose only claim to fame lies in the fact that he has been President of the Wesleyan Conference, declares that Sir Edward Carson "is the best embodiment I know of the spirit and of the traditions of Nonconformity." Ma conscience! Saint, general, King and lawyer! There will soon be no laurels left for Sir Edward to gather.

* * *

It is doubtful if the L.C.C. friends of Mr. H. J. Greenwood, chairman of the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, have gained anyth'ng by burking the discussion as to the fitness of the holder of such a positon also acting as director of a firm of theatrical furnishers and universal providers. The public conscience is very tender on such matters just now, and Mr. Greenwood would be well advised to resign from the Council.

* *

"It has just occurred to me that I have come in without a farthing."
"That doesn't matter. They knew you, don't they?"
"Unfortunately, yes!"

Have the Bishop of Kensington and his self-appointed Vigilance Committee been to see the Corset Parade at the London Pavilion? If not, why not? These gentlemen will doubtless keep an eye on Mr. Edward Lauri, in anticipation of the sensational parades he promises. By the bye, what is the Lord Chamberlain doing about it, and how are his "nutty" subordinates enjoying the fun?

* *

The *Daily Sketch* may have made a big "score" in securing the Countess of Warwick to edit their ladies' page, but we cannot congratulate the lady on accepting a billet which more than one hard-working and competent woman-journalist would be glad of. There are far too many amateur journalists as it is, and people who take on this sort of thing out of sheer love for notoriety, and not from need of money, ought to be ashamed of themselves.

* *

The Sculcoates (Hull) Board of Guardians have waxed very indignant over the position allotted to them in the Mayoral procession to church. If, a year hence, these touchy gentlemen are of the same frame of mind we will try to obtain for them a prominent place in the next Lord Mayor's show. They would make a good successor for the New River Giant which carried off the honours last Monday.

* * *

Mr. Maurice Hewlett declares he has seen fairies. Was it before or after dinner?

* * *

Why is a barber the only man who is allowed to pull your nose without getting a thick ear?

* * *

That Lady Barlow, in spite of her unflagging zeal over the Reading election, has by no means relaxed her efforts in another direction, and that we are shortly to be rewarded with startling developments in the "Queenie Gerald case."

* * *

How many people recognised the fascinating comedy actress who supped with the well-known financier at Romano's the other evening, and if it is a fact that the latter attempted to commit suicide in the lady's presence only a few months back?

* * *

Does Winston Churchill ever get tired?

THE LITTLE RED HEEL.

He was fascinated by the little red heels that flickered gaily past him in a rocking one-step. His eyes followed their flight round the garish hall; their untiring frivolity was infectious, and invited speculation. The feet that surmounted them were neat; so too, as far as could be surmised through the shroud of an all-enveloping domino, was the supple figure. He wondered who she was. There was an air about her suggesting that she was no ordinary habituée of Covent Garden Balls, and the big red-faced guardsman with her had more the watchful expression of a bull-dog than that of a mere purveyor of suppers and taxi-fares. So much so that Derek Vandeweyer looked dispirited, and went off in search of long cool drinks.

Presently he resumed his taciturn contemplation of the ball-room. He was a young man who prided himself on having outgrown emotion, but he was obsessed by the little red heels.

Presently the couple left the floor, brushing past him in the gangway.

"I beg your pardon," he said, solemnly, as he made room for her.

He wondered if he had really caught a twinkle from impertinently bright eyes through the narrow slits of her mask, and whether there was anything familiar about a small retroussé nose, as she re-arranged the encumbering lace.

He again came upon them, sitting on the stairs, as the band struck up another rag-time. The mask looked rather bored, and the Bull-dog was glaring suspiciously at the passers-by.

"A hundred to one against!", thought Derek, as he paused.

"May I have this dance?", he asked.

"Delighted," she answered with the conventional intonation of the Ritz-dancing young lady to an habitual partner. "See you later," with a cheerful nod to the Bull-dog muttering fierce protests. "Thank goodness I've got rid of *that*!", she said as they moved off.

"Is he boring?", asked Derek, sympathetically. "How delightful meeting you here," tentatively.

"Very oppressive? Yes, isn't it? And what a relief find a decent floor. At the Ritz, last week, it was like paper."

She talked carelessly, as to an old acquaintance; he all at sea, but made casual conversation round the them of the band and the weather, hoping for a clue. He was conscious that she was critically appraising him, and laughed softly to herself. It irritated him.

He suggested supper and they sat over it lengthily. talked intimately of the world that he knew, was extremely amusing, and told him at least three smoking-room stories that he had not heard before.

He grew slightly sentimental, and she was kind. little white restless hands tantalized him; his stole out across the table, imprisoning one of hers. She let it linger for a moment, then withdrew it placidly and the jeering glint through the mask infuriated him.

Out in the passage the Bull-dog loomed ominously. here," said Derek hurriedly, "let me give you a lift home I'm sure it's on my way."

"No, thanks very much, I ——" at this point the Bull-dog positively exploded in front of her.

Derek stepped aside and watched the argument. damned if I'll stand being treated like this," he heard him exclaim.

The girl came across to Derek, and put her hand appealingly on his arm.

"I'm afraid I've simply got to go," she said, with a little face at the other man. "I am *desolée*!"

Derek became desperate.

"I say, I *must* see you again. Come and lunch with me to-morrow, any time, anywhere."

"Shall I?", she smiled.

"Do—dear," almost shyly.

"All right." She laughed softly. "At Gustave's then, half-past one, the little table behind the screen. *A bientôt*."

Derek watched her little red heels disappear up the stairs. He was curiously excited. Who was she? Her laugh was adorable, he was sure her eyes were blue. To-morrow! He had several more drinks than were good for him before going home.

Five-and-twenty past one next day found him at Gustave's, carefully carrying a large bunch of violets. He was sure she liked violets; she had emanated whiffs of the scent last night.

He found the little table behind the screen; the Bull-dog was sitting placidly thereat, studying the menu.

"What the ——?" they barked simultaneously.

A waiter scampered up, and laid a small package on the table between them.

"A lady sent this to be delivered at one-thirty to les Messieurs," he said, with an expectant smile.

In silence they opened the package, a little red heel fell out, and a crumpled note. The Bull-dog smoothed it out. Derek read it over his shoulder.

"You two dears," it ran, "thank you so much for a most delightful evening. So sorry not to turn up for lunch. We were just starting by the Marsovian for Canada with Billy Allhusan. We were married at a Registry Office an hour ago. Papa kicked him out last summer. We have no money, but it doesn't matter! Wasn't the champagne last night rotten? I've such a head, but I am very happy. Love to you both. Priscilla St. John."

"Good God!", exclaimed Derek. Lady Priscilla St. John, the Duke of Montalawn's only daughter, whose flirtation with the good-for-nothing Allhusan had been the warmest topic at Ascot week!

"Little devil!", said the Bull-dog slowly. "Blasted little devil!"

They stared at each other vacuously for some minutes.

"I say, I hate this place," he exploded. "Let's lunch at Ritz's."

They left the little red heel lying on the table.

DOROTHY WALPOLE.

Back from Covent Garden Ball: Pierrot sees Stars.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

HIS DEFINITION.

Little Horatio: Pa, what does "ovation" mean?

Walker Hamm (the eminent tragedian): It is a word derived from the Latin "ovum," meaning egg, my son.

* * *

HER MISTAKE.

"What is a young man's maiden speech, pa?"

"His first one, my dear."

"Dear me! I thought it was a proposal!"—*Baltimore American.*

* * *

UNDER PRESSURE.

"Did you tell Charley that you loved him?"

"Yes. I didn't want to, but he just squeezed it out of me!"

* * *

CRUEL.

"Men are inconsiderate things," observes the bride of a few months.

"You are not growing pessimistic already?", smiles her friend.

"Well, they are selfish. Yesterday Harry had the cook broil for him the nice lamb chops I had ordered for my dog."

* * *

IN SUMATRA.

Wifey: I see by the paper that in Sumatra a man can buy a wife for three dollars. Isn't that perfectly awful?

Hubby: Oh, I don't know! A really good wife is worth that!—*Cornell Widow.*

* * *

ONE FORM OF INVITATION.

Algy: If I were to steal a kiss would it scare you so that you would scream?

Hebe: I couldn't. Fright always makes me dumb.

* * *

UNSTUDIED.

Louise: Does your husband treat you with a studied indifference?

Julia: No; his unconcern is quite natural.

"Well, good-bye, old chap. When will you do us the pleasure of dining with us again?"

"Now, if you like!"—*Le Rire.*

"My dear, having your father to live with us won't work."

"But neither will father."—*Baltimore American.*

* * *

A cat has nine lives, but she doesn't have a minute to spare when the small boy gets after her.

* * *

SHE THOUGHT SO.

Dinah was a big, plump "yellow gal," who could cook the finest dinners for miles around. One day a new butler appeared upon the scene and Dinah's mistress noticed that she took a great interest in the man. At last the mistress could stand her curiosity no longer and asked:

"Dinah, do you know the new butler?"

Dinah took another long and scrutinising look and then slowly and reminiscently replied:

"Well, I dunna, Miss Alice; but I think he was ma fust husband."—*The Times*, of Cuba.

* * *

THE NEW EUGENICS.

Madge: Did Charlie ask your father last night?

Marjorie: No. He forgot to bring his income-tax receipt.—*Town Topics.*

* * *

STRIKING SIMILARITY.

"No," said the first dear girl, "I've no use for those summer young men. They remind me of Dresden china dolls."

"Because they are so beautiful?", queried dear girl No. 2.

"No," answered No. 1. "They get broke so easily."—*Illinois Siren.*

* * *

OF LITTLE VALUE.

Young Mother: The question is, Mr. Bache, what are we going to make out of baby?

Mr. Bache: I can't see a cent. in him. If he only had two heads or three legs, now, he would pay dividends.—*Kansas City Times.*

* * *

CERTAINLY!

"But listen a moment, Matilda. Don't you think a good husband ought to tell his wife of her faults?"

"Lysander, a good husband doesn't think his wife has any faults."—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

BY THE WAYSIDE.

Don't gamble, unless you can afford to lose. If you can afford to lose, you don't have to gamble.

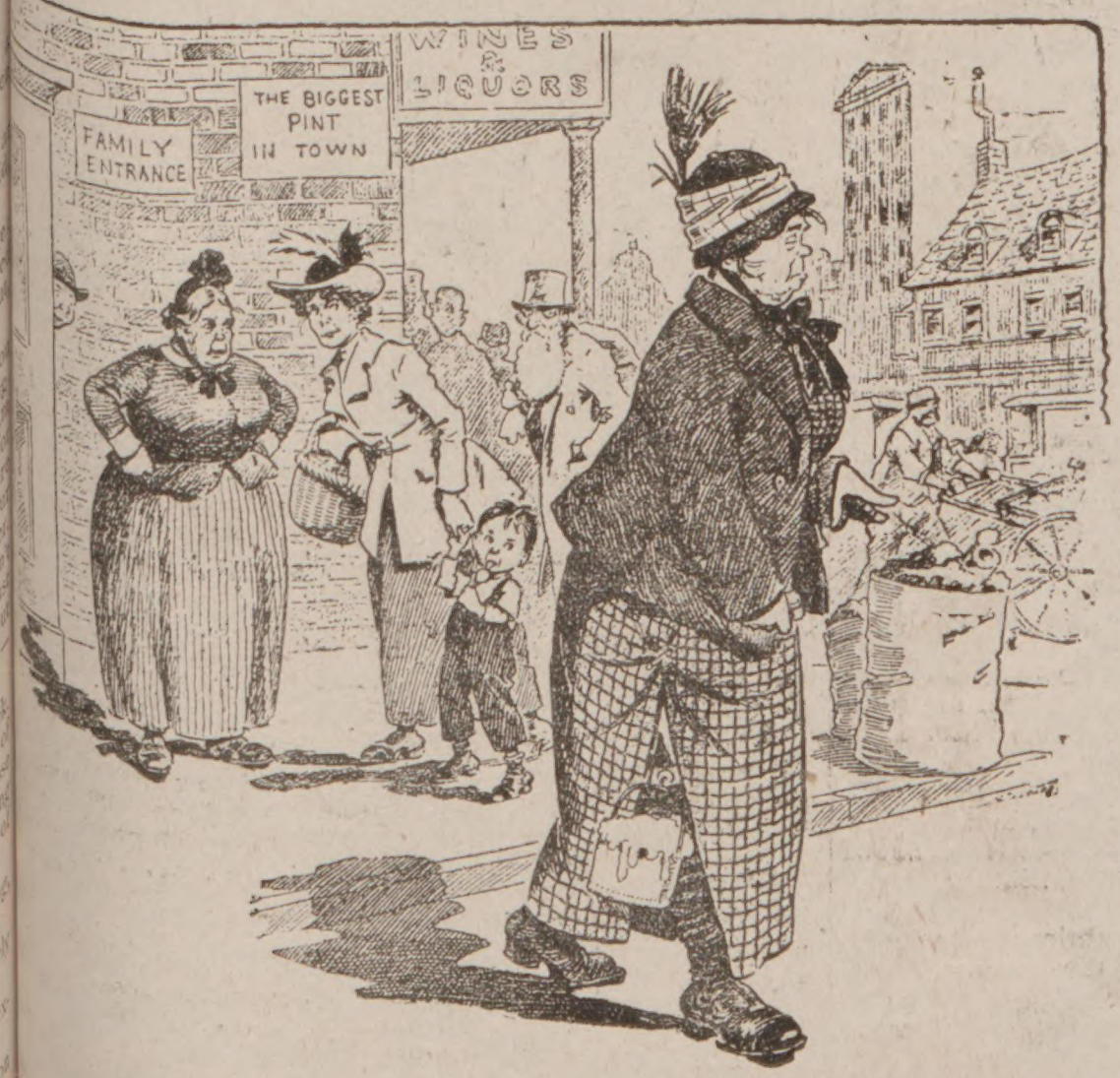
Modern authorship is furnishing text to keep illustrations from colliding.

The most up-to-date impressionist is a lady in a vision skirt.

Life is just one dollar after another.

It is now that the gardener will tell you that the best fairy-tale book he knows of is the seed catalogue.

If ignorance is really bliss, this should be a happy world.—*Judge.*



FASHION PLUS UTILITY.

The Slit Skirt and the Kneelet Arrive in the Gas-House District.—*Puck*

INTERROGATIONS
AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

That during the last fortnight of the exhibition of the Royal Wedding presents most of the silver was considerably the worse for exposure, being tarnished and dirty. Surely there must be a lack of wash-leather at St. James's Palace, or else the Lord Chamberlain's Department was anxious to show how far it really could go in doing things badly.

* * *

That the list of the presents supplied to visitors to the Palace had been revised, and, unlike that issued just before the wedding to the Press, did not take away the wife from a married Prince and give her to one who is very much a bachelor, and contain other inaccuracies equally unpardonable.

* * *

The sub-editors of the daily papers, who with commendable industry had except in one instance corrected all the errors, must have come to the conclusion that if the King can do no wrong, the officials of the Household can hardly do anything right, at any rate at the first attempt.

* *

All Paris is laughing over the astuteness of a certain publisher who advertised in all the daily newspapers: "Before marriage a girl ought to know certain things. She will learn them from the invaluable book that I will send discreetly packed, etc." No fewer than 27,000 girls took the bait and paid for this precious book, which on receipt proved to be — a cookery book!

* *

Will the dear old *Family Herald* republish the obituary article on Dr. Russel Wallace, which ran through the printing machine some seven or eight years ago? It was good; so much so that Dr. Wallace expressed his thanks for having been alive to read it. The *Herald* angels' singing was a trifle too previous.

* * *

A certain Duchess recently went into a West End shop to purchase some flannelette for underwear. Help! "Are you quite sure this is a strong make?" she enquired. "You see, I want something very serviceable, so that it may last!" This is the same "noblewoman," by the way, who once divided a shilling among half a hundred kiddies, and told them "not to make themselves ill." Marvellous, isn't it?

* * *

That a West End theatre which was at one time proverbially lucky has just scored its fifth failure, and that the well-known dramatic author must be getting anxious about the fate of the hard-earned savings he has put into it.

* * *

That Mr. Raymond Roze has been exceptionally lucky in finding a backer whose motto is "hang the expense," and that his motto must be "where there's a 'Wills' there's a way." After all, it would only be in the natural order of things if this season ended, as it began, in smoke.

* * *

Who was the Cabinet Minister heard to remark the other night: "I hope to goodness Asquith won't dissolve. I'm up to my eyes in debt and don't know which way to turn." No doubt he feels like the Irishman who said, "I can only earn a pound in Ireland; but in England they'll give me three!" There certainly is a difference between what you can earn and what you can get.

* * *

The lady entered the shop of the suburban jeweller. "And are you sure this gold is refined quality?", she enquired. "You see, my 'usband is very partic'lar, and 'e'd 'ate to see me wearing anything that wasn't refined!"

* * *

"Man was made a little lower than the angels," said the looker-on, "but what woman was made, it has been left for man to find out."

* * *

Why a certain scandal connected with a number of influential city men who were arrested at the Bank of England a few days ago, has been so carefully hushed up, and if it really was a "mistake" after all?

* * *

Mrs. Tangc-Maxixe arranges the Menu.

If the "Society Dancing Club" hasn't grown considerably since the innovation of the Tango, and if the list of members now includes five peeresses, one baroness, six ladies of lesser rank, and one member of Parliament?

* *

If it is a fact that "the Guv'nor" has been the luckiest owner on the Turf this year?

* *

That a Russian sable cloak worth £3,000, also a hen, were included among the luggage which Gaby took with her to America on board the Mauretania? Somehow one does not associate "hens," or their products, with Gaby Deslys.

* *

If a certain Viscount isn't looking for trouble in the very place in which he is most likely to find it?

* *

If his matrimonial difficulties are due to his unqualified success as a lady-killer, and what part the rich American is playing in the affair?

* * *

If the King of Spain may shortly have to undergo a serious operation for the removal of a very painful growth from the ear?

* * *

If Cain, the co-respondent in a recent divorce case, still had a bit of the old Adam in him?

* * *

Why Lady Duff Gordon has been harping so insistently upon the "extreme delicacy of the English in matters pertaining to the stomach," and if she really considers it a suitable topic for drawing-room conversation?

* * *

Whether the baker who complained at the Halifax police station that he had only done two days' work in ten months had mistaken the meaning of the word "loafer"?

* * *

What special blend of perfume will become fashionable now that the ladies have taken to wearing polecat stoles and skunk hats?

* * *

If the police are at length beginning to "get a move on" in connection with the notorious night club situated within a stone's throw of Leicester Square?

He: "Women have better complexions than men."
She: "Naturally!"
He: "Oh, no, artificially——"

If it is really a new sensation for Mr. Lloyd George to be land chucked at him?

* * *

If Tango "tease" wouldn't be a more appropriate way of describing certain aspects of the now famous dance?

* * *

Whether it is necessary for golf players to be links-ed?

* * *

Whether the latest "profession" is that of keeping trades-men informed of the arrival of rich Americans at the dif-ferent fashionable hotels?

* * *

The sensations of the smartly dressed young lady who came to grief while trying to perform dance steps down the stair-case at the Palladium, and if the big, brass-but-toned commissionaire at the bottom didn't receive a severe shock in consequence?

* * *

If a certain leading lady is employing a "claque" at each performance, and if she imagines that her audiences are deceived by the ruse?

* * *

If a number of society women in New York have formed themselves into a purely feminine club called the "Gamut," where one of the chief qualification for membership is the "confirmed habit" of smoking," and what object they hope to accom-plish?

* * *

If the Windmill hat, said to be the latest Paris craze, is guaranteed to turn any man's head?

* * *

If the Emerald Isle wouldn't have been a more appro-priate setting for "The Pearl Girl"?

* * *

If the green-eyed monster isn't very much in evidence at a certain West End theatre, where two comparatively "leading" leading ladies have not spoken since the first night of the production, and what all the trouble is about?

If the book just published, showing us how to "sit correctly," will prove especially useful to Parliamentary candidates?

* * *

If the public will mind so very much if the orchestras of certain theatres *do* strike?

* * *

If it was not a pity that the festive little supper in the private room at the West End restaurant ended up so unfortunately the other evening?

* * *

If the duel with champagne bottles (corks playing the part of bullets) was not a cruel waste of good wine, and if the manager was the only person who benefited?

* * *

Why a certain hotel at Maidenhead is known as the "half-way house to the Divorce Court"?

* * *

If Miss Maxine Elliott takes quite an exceptional interest in a herd of nearly seventy cows which she maintains at her place near Bushey, and if she finds cow-farming more fascinating than a continual worship of the golden calf?

* * *

If some of our modern daughters aren't altogether too well turned out to turn out well?

* * *

If the judge who is reported to have attacked a bank manager had lost his "balance"?

* * *

The name of the wealthy American woman who, while staying at the country house of a certain English Duchess, wrote the following to her friends in New York: "They like their pheasants fairly high here, but it's nothing to their play"?

* * *

A jesting paragraph appeared on this page a few weeks ago with reference to Mr. Pemberton Billington, the aviator. Airmen nowadays are public characters, and though we maintain the paragraph was harmless, and not calculated in any way to injure the feelings of this gentleman, we have no hesitation in expressing our regret if it has in any way caused him annoyance.

First "Deah Boy": "My chauffeur fell into a tin of petrol accidentally this morning as he was cleaning my car."
Second ditto: "Did he really! Entered into the spirit of the thing as it were. What!"

TABLOID TOPICS.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" is not unconnected with Miss Terry.

* * *

It has been discovered that there is a Welsh whisky. What it is distilled from has not yet leeked out.

* * *

A soldier on furlough has beaten the middle-weight champion. An enter-prize-ring sort of furlough.

* * *

Mr. Seed, a Socialist, elected a Town Councillor, was thereupon discharged by his employers. A sack of Seed.

* * *

Our City Editor says that contangoes are good enough for him, with a little backwardation thrown in as a variety.

* * *

Music Hall magnates must buckle on their armour and see to is that their moral Maxims are well and truly shotted. The Bishops are determined to gag the too prolific gagger.

* * *

At Muswell Hill an ex-policeman stated that a gipsy told him that a leg he was suffering from would be cured if he let the dew penetrate it. A clear case of dewping and leg-pulling.

* * *

The Mayor of select St. Albans has been grinding a barrel organ in the streets, and has thus been literally instrumental in increasing the Welsh Disaster Fund. Doing Charity a good turn.

* * *

Sir Francis Weathercock, who is to lead the legions of Mesdames Millitante, has been seen to brandish a club. Endeavouring to cudgel his own brains very likely. And, as likely, a vane pursuit.

* * *

The sale rooms are said to have sailed away from the Strand. We can bid goodbye to them. The auctioneers have "cut their stick," not, it is needless to say, with their own genuine Sheffield cutlery.

* * *

"Tango is sweeping the country," declares a half-penny pictorial. It is certainly "kicking up a dust." It has flung the "fling" away in Scotland, and in Dublin they exclaim, "The 'jig' be jiggered."

* * *

"The new style is the doleful rag," says Mr. L. F. Muir. Husbands must not indulge in a whoop of exultation. The rag is the musical, not the modiste article, which, par parenthèse, is too often immodiste.

* * *

A telegraphist inadvertently altered a quick-get money order from £3 to £35, and the cash was handed out. The wire the wherefore of this carelessness is unchronicled, but the operator evidently worked on the more system.

* * *

"Heels up, toes down, toes up, heels down." According to an expert these are the governing movements in Tangomania. So far as the down heel part of it is concerned, there are many journalists doing the Tango daily in Fleet Street.

* * *

Masterman, M.P., has been howled down while speaking in favour of the Rev. W. Cuff at the Shoreditch Tabernacle. He was affronted and the disturbers were collared by the constabulary. There was a good deal of Larkin about the affair.

* * *

A "vet" has been summoned for causing a nuisance. It was occasioned by the noise of the dogs he kept, one complainant particularising an animal whose vocal contributions ranged from key C to E. The words of the ballad were not alluded to. Probably they were doggerel or verse.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Desmond is a Phyllistine. Although a "Gaiety girl" she purposes connubial shelter under the naval wing of Lieutenant Robert French Noyes. She is not dancing, singing or toothing herself into the Peerage path. It is a very quiet affair, the only Noyes coming from the fiancé, who can't help it.

* * *

An antomologist velent Bugnion has started an anti-War Office topic. He is praiseful of certain military manœuvres executed by the ant soldiery. A division or two giving an exhibition field-day at the Horse Guards would be refreshingly fruitful. Authorities concerned should adopt the Bugnion suggestion and cease from tinkering.

"There is money in your mouth" reads an advt. We are not swallowing it.

* * *

"The woman who left him"—news par headline. No doubt his money was gone also.

* * *

Mr. A. B. Myers, of Pennsylvania, who has lost both hands, shot eighteen squirrels in one day. Wonderful fe

* * *

"There are Life Guards in your blood" reads an ac If this is true where is the need for compulsory milita service?

* * *

The Government have not taken long to make up t minds that unrestrained Larkin is preferable to an overd of Reading.

* * *

The schoolboys at Duns (Berwickshire) are strikin against home-lessons. But then dunces never did take kin to learning.

* * *

"Doctors want their fees as well as jurymen," said Coroner at a Newington inquest. Certainly. Besid do most of the work.

* * *

According to a news par, a young Scots Guardsman married a beautiful girl "not long of age." There is a sh age of something about this.

* * *

"Young at ninety-three"—news headline. If thi intended as a joke we may say that we know a man Child who is about the same age.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Butt has withdrawn the much-criticised forming bears from the programme at the Palace. He th he has enough trouble bruin without them.

* * *

An attempted burglary at a wholesale clothier's esta ment in Middlesex Street, E.C., was frustrated by arrival of the fire brigade. A case of arresting the in this time.

* * *

Lord Hugh Cecil, who is always up against the s side of things, has descended a coal mine at Pontypridd was, no doubt, anxious to find out whether the business carried on cleanly.

* * *

A motor omnibus did its best to knock down one of statues in Whitehall on Sunday. And yet there are pe who will have it that motor-'buses are mere mechan objects without an eye for beauty.

* * *

Critics of the Olympia Motor Show say that motor c being made more luxurious than ever so that people can in them. We don't mind motorists living in their car they will only allow outsiders to live.

* * *

The *Daily Mirror* unblushingly informs us that chi like that newspaper better than sweets. We were not aw the *D.M.* catered specially for infants, but this does exp why its columns contain so much "pap."

* * *

Described as a "freak artist" Jos. Edwards, an eat nails, coal and glass, attempted to commit suicide at Chat because the show takings were small. Didn't know wh his next meal was coming from, we suppose.

* * *

"A little castigation with a slipper or something like for boys who hang on to moving vehicles was the Southw Coroner's recommendation during a street accident The slipper-brake to cure backsliding, of course.

* * *

From the *Daily Sketch*—

> Miss Kenney wanted to say that she intend to fight her battle out, whether it meant death FREE CORN-CUTTING.

Miss Kenney is evidently getting callous.

* * *

"It is quite a common practice for decent mech who wish to look respectable at their work, to carry a mirror fitted with a comb at the back," says a *Daily* report. Presumably this acts as a reflex lamp to war deadly motor-'buses, which might otherwise disarrange clothing.

BEAUTY'S EYE.

WIT AND WISDOM.

re several rapid calculating machines on the but so far as rapidity is concerned none of them has ng on the old-fashioned gas meter.

* * *

e man who enjoys a holiday most is the one who can't d it.

* * *

't judge by appearances. Men who wear diamond pins have money.

* * *

woman never shows the white feather—if some other is more fashionable.

* * *

ynthia, marrying an artist or sculptor does not make model wife.

* * *

matter how much men rail at marriage, some of them t a little bit envious of the late Mr. Solomon.

It's usually the fast young man who is left at the post.

* * *

Women who shine in society seldom shine in the kitchen.

* * *

The beauty doctor demands spot cash for removing freckles.

* * *

It's hard to love your neighbour as yourself if he keeps chickens while you are trying to raise a garden.

* * *

The woman who quarrels with her complexion is always ready to make up.

* * *

When you have saved up enough money to invest in doubtful mining stocks—buy an overcoat.

* * *

The man who follows his inclination seldom travels along in the straight and narrow way.

IN STAGELAND.

Just by way of final commentary on the Butt v. Clergy controversy it may be remarked that there is apparently a possibility of an amusing interchange of acrimonious correspondence between Mr. Butt and our old friend and contemporary *The Referee*. Mr. Butt says *The Referee's* remarks "are not of sufficient importance" to be reckoned with as a factor which would disturb what he is pleased to call "the unanimity of the Press" in favourably receiving Gaby's show. Multitudes of our readers alone, of course, will be quite aware that such "unanimity" never existed. It is an astonishing thing, by the way, that Mr. Butt, in his admirable defence of the variety stage against the indiscreet, unjust and — most important of all — unpopular Church attack, has based his argument on almost precisely similar lines to those adopted by *Modern Life* when the Bishop of Kensington, Rev. A. D. McGowan and Co. (very Ltd.) first, began to entertain the hope that they might be appointed a sort of Preliminary Audition Supervisors' Syndicate with powers of the order indicated by that humorous slide to be seen in most cinemas to-day whereby we are notified that "The Devil's Desire," or "The Cowboy's Conversion" has been passed for the flicker by some person appointed and paid by the film producers themselves.

* *

Monday evening will see the revival of Sir J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street" at the Duke of York's Theatre. "The Adored One," although by no means an actual failure (that little word finds no place in the new knight's composition of affairs), may, I suppose, be reckoned to have achieved the lowest limit of Barrie success. Ever since the real law-court scene was etherealised into a "dream" scena, "The Adored One," never thoroughly robust, unexpectedly relapsed into coma and died last Thursday. Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Miss Nina Boucicault will play the rôles which Seymour Hicks and his wife made for me an imperishable memory in the "Quality Street" of the Vaudeville about ten years ago.

* * *

I am informed that Mme. Lydia Yavorska's next production at the Ambassador's will be a version of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina."

* * *

To-night will see the new Chiswick Empire re-opened. Before it was burnt down in August last it was a most magnificently upholstered house. I had conceived, however, a very violent objection to the pale blue plush "tabs" curiously spangled so that the curtain conveyed an unfortunate circus tinsel effect. This may also have worried the fireman into taking coffee at a neighbouring stall and affording the offending curtain an opportunity of incinerating itself. In any event it did so with a commendable thoroughness that must have appealed to the Stoll business instincts.

* * *

Miss Ada Reeve, in spite of a theatrical magnate's published opinion that he still entertains the very highest regard for her unique abilities, is afraid that there is still a sub-conscious impression that her newly-acquired £500 is "Stoll damages." She has certainly been very fortunate indeed in her two important actions. Surely it is a record for an artiste to have achieved legal victories over such powerful entertainment interests as Messrs. Geo. Edwardes and Stoll.

* * *

It will be something of a revolution in provincial theatrical procedure if Mr. George Dance proceeds with a scheme already successfully formulated, whereby the twice-nightly presentation of even the most elaborate George Edwardes musical comedies is assured. Following hard upon this alleged novelty comes Mr. Bannister Howard with a similar proposition for his tours. There would appear to be room for precedence, but I would point out to both these enterprising gentlemen that Messrs. Bransgrove and Shuter have been presenting successful West End productions for years in the suburbs on the twice-nightly system, chiefly in conjunction with Mr. Charles Gulliver, of the L.T.V. "The Flag Lieutenant," "Are You a Mason?" and "The Private Secretary," are among the most successful plays that this firm produce without the slightest symptom of the rapid hustle that one might reasonably associate with the

AN ANTICIPATION—1914.

Gaby Deslys performing under the eye of the Watch Committee.

* * *

The *Evening News* critic says that "Miss Violet Vanbrugh is an excellent variety actress, because her mannerisms are sometimes extravagant and always artificial," and that "an unobtrusive naturalness is the one deadly sin of a music-hall actor on the halls." All of which only goes to prove the futility of an exclusively variety critic indulging in comparative observations as regards "legitimate" and "variety procedure." "A Man in the Stalls" should [illegible] Miss Vanbrugh's abandon as the demi-mondaine in "The Woman in the Case," and her restrained but [illegible] and incisive vulgarity as the younger Mrs. [illegible] in "The Woman." Both superb masterpieces of character-study miraculously true to living ideals.

* *

As regards the latter misleading remark, has [illegible] "A Man in the Stalls" never seen Miss Wish Wynne, the "[illegible]" proudest acquisition from the halls? And do [illegible] Chevalier's exquisite studies of high and low life stand exaggerated artificiality? These unguarded remarks [illegible] issued to the largest circulation in the kingdom—what a thousand pities!

W. R. C. R.

MINNA ENCKE.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 29.

THE TRUMPETER'S DAUGHTER WHO BECAME AN UNOFFICIAL QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

...na, we are poor, but are we not happy?"
...sire, happier than the birds in the air! But some day ...l grow tired of your little pupil, and then you will for-...!" And what will become of Minna then?
...oman who thus questioned her lover died in 1840. She ...ilhelmina Encke, Countess of Lichtenau, and the man ...other than King Frederick William II. of Prussia. How ...was the love of this ill-assorted couple may be imagined ...o reply the King gave to the question just addressed him. ...teaching Minna Encke how to write—for she was very ...—and sharpening his pencil as he proceeded with the ... Instantly jabbing the point of the blade into the ball ...left thumb, King Frederick William dipped the pen in ...d which gushed forth, and on a piece of paper wrote ...ords:
...my princely word of honour I will never forsake you!—

...rederick the Great's nephew fell in love with ...nna Encke.

... King kept his word. To the day of his death Minna ...as the sharer of all his joys, and the consoler in all ...ows. Four wives did he marry during the period of ...dship with Minna Encke, but she outlived them all, in ...s Frederick William's affections went. It was a ...l union—one of the most surprising liaisons that ever ..., but none the less potent for all that. Frederick ... was the despised nephew and heir of Frederick the ... Minna's father was a simple army trumpeter who had ... in Frederick the Great's wars, retired on a pension, ... small tavern at Potsdam, and returned to the Royal ...as a member of the King's band. Day by day the ...er's little daughter trotted off to the barracks with her ... dinner in a basin wrapped in a blue handkerchief, and ... was that she caught the vagrant fancy of the King's ... who was destined to reign over Prussia for eleven ... Frederick William II. The story goes that the Prince ...s been in love with Minna's handsome elder sister, ..., and it was only when he saw Charlotte Encke strike ...e sister that he noticed her. True it is, however, that ...e Encke was soon sent off to Paris with a noble title ...ty of money, and henceforth was forgotten at the ... Berlin.

Prince Educating a Trumpeter's Daughter.

...t daughter of the German proletariat though she was, ...ncke had the makings of a great woman within her, ... Frederick William applied himself to the quaint task ... her the rudiments of education he found in her a ... Between the lessons many sweet kisses alter-... may be sure, for ere long Minna Encke was as vio-...l love with Prince Frederick William as he was with her. ...m of education and accomplishment Frederick William ...r. History, geography, music, dancing, deportment, ...gn languages he insisted upon imparting to her, and she ...ilirate results for his pains. The intimacy thus begun ...ned to last a lifetime, but the story was to be a ... one, and full of romance. Frederick William was ...-shouldered, and of fine presence, and if he had no ... as a monarch, and was easily led by stronger ... people of Berlin loved him, for as he grew into manhood the great King Frederick I. passed more and more into the solitudes that encompassed his later years, and the heir to the Crown had all the honours of the Royal family to perform. Generous to excess, just, humane, and grateful for the least kindliness shown him, Frederick William was a striking contrast in personality to his famous uncle the King, and they never liked each other.

The First Wife of Frederick William II.

Whenever the Prince was invited to dine with King Frederick he was silent, constrained, and awkward. As soon as he got clear of the Palace he would return to his cheery companions of the taverns, and forget the old churl who ruled in Prussia. Early in life they had married Frederick William to that daughter of the Duke of Brunswick whose daughter was destined to come over here as the wife of our famous Duke of York, second son of King George II. Frederick William's wife soon copied her husband in moral vagrancy, and so they packed her off to Schloss Jasenitz, near Stettin, where she was to all intents and purposes a prisoner. Her imprisonment was a pleasant one, however, for it lasted for 71 years, and the wife of Frederick William only died in 1840, aged 94. On June 9th, 1769, Prince Frederick William married Frederica of Hesse-Darmstadt. The bridegroom was so hard up that he had to ask Lord Malmesbury, our Ambassador, to get him a loan in London, for he hadn't a penny, and was up to his eyes in debt. "Never," wrote Minna Encke once, "was so poor a girl loved by a Prince! I sometimes had to starve all one day in order to entertain him the next!" The old King ordered her to be banished to Hamburg for some months, when he heard of his nephew's love-story, but Frederick the Great was glad enough to have Minna back again in Berlin, for she was a beacon light of steadiness to the Crown Prince, and seemed able to lead him in the path of manliness more than anybody else in the Court.

Great time for Minna at Charlottenburg.

Fred's wives never troubled him much. So the King allowed the Crown Prince to buy Charlottenburg for Minna, and when her first child was born the King created it Count de la Marck in its cradle. The King found Minna a husband also in the person of a gardener who had been taken into the service of the Crown Prince as valet, and Frederick William himself went to the wedding in order to see that the menial did not even taste the lips of his own wife before they parted for ever. Ever afterwards, until she was made Countess of Lichtenau, Minna was known as Madame Rietz, which was her gardener-husband's name. The King gave Minna 20,000 thalers, as well as Charlottenburg, and here the Crown Prince and Minna Encke passed some really idyllic years. The evolution of Minna Encke from an ignorant urchin of the streets to "a woman of parts" able to hold her own against the world, who could talk, sing, dance, and, if necessary, advise even the future King of Prussia, seems to have afforded King Frederick William more real pleasure than the possession of an Empire. For no less than twenty-seven years Minna Encke remained the guardian of the King's happiness, and well she rewarded Frederick William for his pains with her.

Minna refuses to allow the King to make war.

The only thing that can be alleged to Minna's detraction was that she became a hopeless victim of spiritualism—and

table-turning, spirit-rapping, mesmeric trances, and such-like amusements are dangerous pleasures to people who have, or may have, the destinies of a nation to guide. Unfortunately Frederick William allowed himself to be led by the nose in all his "wife's" spiritualistic adventures, but that portion of the story is too long to be told here. The complete influence which Minna Encke possessed over Prince Frederick William was demonstrated in a very remarkable manner to all Europe in 1795. The French Revolution had resulted in a war, and Europe thus threatened to be in a blaze. The monarchs were all quaking in their shoes lest the fate of the murdered French King should be also theirs, and when the armies of the Continent assembled Frederick William, now King of Prussia, joined his troops on the banks of the Rhine.

Minna Encke had followed him to the front, ready to succour her Prince in war as in peace. Austria, England, Spain, and Italy were resolved upon war with France. It remained only for Prussia to add her signature. Minna Encke refused to allow the King of Prussia to sign. The British representative, seeing how powerful were Minna's counsels with the Prussian King, offered her a hundred thousand guineas to let the King sign. Scornfully she repudiated the offer. "What matters it to us how France chooses to govern herself!" she said. "France can do as she chooses with her own affairs. We are content to look after our own!" Thus the Prussian Monarch backed out of the compact of the Allies, refused to endanger the peace of Europe, and signed the Treaty of Bale.

Minna enjoys herself in Rome.

Minna Encke was now universally recognised as the unofficial Queen of Prussia. The destinies of the nation were seen to be her prerogative, and Frederick William seems to have been quite satisfied that it should be so. With Minna he felt everybody was safe, himself included. Under invitation to visit Italy, an old dream of hers, she set forth with a splendid retinue and handsome credentials. The Austrians were not fond of her, for the Treaty of Bale "stuck in their throats," and Minna had spoiled the war for them. But in Italy the Lady of Charlottenburg was received with Royal magnificence and honour. Nothing was too good for her. Amongst the men who fell slaves to her charms was the old Marquess of Bristol, whose son fell in love with Minna's daughter, the Countess de la Marck, and married her. No glory which Italy could offer the left-handed wife of King Frederick William of Prussia was omitted, and her days were passed in delightful fêtes and dances with the best of the Italian nobility.

Frederick William's "Love Matches."

Through all these events Minna Encke retained her hold upon Frederick William, through a series of striking love-affairs. At the Court of the old King a Countess von Voss had figured conspicuously, and this lady's daughter appeared in the Court of Frederick's successor. Countess Julie von Voss was a beauty, and very quickly the King was violently in love with her. Ere long he had married her, but only on condition that he terminated his connection with Minna Encke, now Countess of Lichtenau. The promise was given, but it is doubtful if it was kept for a week. Julie von Voss would sup with the King as his wife; but before he retired he would repair to Minna Encke's apartments—and remain there! That Frederick William was genuinely in love with Julie von Voss is certain, for when she died his grief was such that he avoided Julie's mother because he could not bear to be reminded of her daughter, and when they met accidentally King Frederick William broke down and wept. Julie had a son by him, and the King held it at the font. Julie was created Countess von Ingenheim.

Frederick William again in love.

The King mourned her very sincerely, and then fell in love with the Countess von Donhof, and also married her. The Consistory having obtained a "special dispensation" for the King's marriage with Julie von Voss, could not now refuse the same favour in the case of the Donhof, and ere long Frederick William was standing again at the font with another son in his arms. This child was proudly called the Count of Brandenberg. The Countess von Donhof started out upon her new married career with a determination not to rest her happiness upon the King's promise not again to see Minna Encke, but to meet Minna, and give her "the right-about." But when Madame von Donhof attempted to carry out her programme she found her task rather harder than she had bargained for. The poor Countess discovered in Minna Encke a calm, cool, refined, and withal gentle person, whose dominion over the King was so sure that a few wives didn't matter in the least! And Sophie von Donhof quickly discovered that Minna Encke's self-assurance was not misplaced. She was even less successful in her battle with Minna than Julie von Voss had been, while the old Queen Dowager absolutely refused to countenance the von Donhof at all. When King Frederick William insisted upon the Dowager Queen receiving Madame von Donhof the Queen did so, but went to bed with a cold, so that she could avoid meeting the objectionable lady. Sophie von Donhof eventually threw up her marriage with King Frederick William in disgust, and left him for ever. Minna Encke's triumph was complete.

The Final Scenes with Frederick William II.

It was during the grand tour in Italy which Minna [undertook] after the Treaty of Bale that she lost her King and [friend]. In the midst of a fête at Venice the news reached her that Frederick William was stricken, and with all the speed [that] fastest horses could secure for her she raced across [Europe] the death-bed of the Prince who had so surely obsessed whole life. Tenderly she took the poor King in her arms proceeded to nurse him back to life. But it was not [to be]. For one whole year she scarcely ever left his bedside, [until] death stole into the Palace, and robbed Minna Encke of man she had loved and cherished through the most [romantic] chapters of Royal fickleness, and in spite of endless calumny hatred on the part of the aristocracy of Prussia. troubles were now only to begin, however.

The new King pursued her with contemptible [malice]. ordered her to be imprisoned for taking away a large [number] own love letters to the King, under the misapprehension they were "state papers," and she had to endure the [ordeal] a public trial, and all the humiliation the new King could upon her. A just court tried her, however, and her countrymen, who knew how tenderly she had stood by King through twenty-seven long years of sincere [love], refused to share the new Sovereign's paltry persecution of William's "wife." She ultimately received a handsome sion from the Prussian Government, and retired to Paris a young artist fell in love with her and married her. was not cut out for a humble artist, however, and [the] proved a failure. Minna Encke, Countess of Lichtenau really recovered from the loss of her King-lover, and she went into oblivion of her own creation, content to die unknown, with nothing but her memories for company. was not till after her death that those who had known her last years learnt that she was the famous Minna sweetheart, adviser, and best friend of Frederick [William].

THE MAGNETIC GIR

How She Compels Others to Obey Her Will.

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Free to readers of "Modern Life."

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, [Magnetism], Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.' The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast [by the publishers] is full of photographic reproductions showing how these forces are being used all over the world, and how [they have] upon thousands have developed powers which they little [knew] they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 [copies] being conducted by a large London institution, and [the book] be sent post free to anyone interested. No money [is required], but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) [to cover] postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept., No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention MODERN LIFE.

ODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

English cricketers in South Africa have already met ad luck in losing the services of that fine all round er. D. C. Robinson, who is down with stomach trouble, ulcers or something of that kind, and is hardly to play during the tour.

was immediately cabled home for another reserve ket-keeper, and as Smith, of Warwickshire, is going out will not be much weakened. Robinson's illness is like that which affected "Plum" Warner during his ur in Australia, when Douglas did the captaining and side which won back the "ashes."

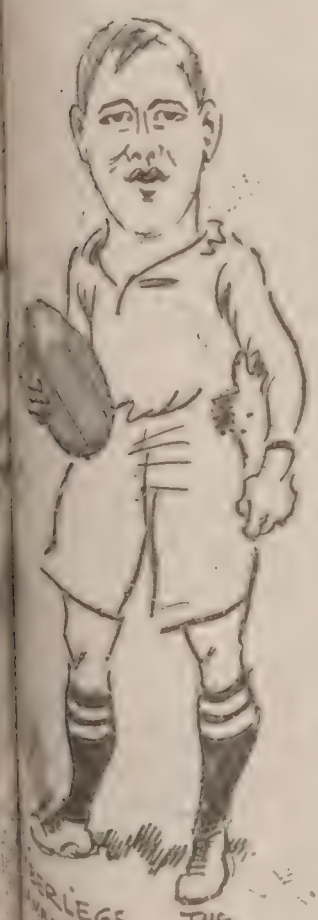
have them still—those "ashes"—as the result of our in the triangular tests in 1912. I don't know the metaphorical urn forms part of the travelling when an English team visits South Africa. If sym- of the cricket championship it should do, of course, outh Africa is a baby yet at cricket tests, and we are conservative in admitting precocious youngsters into med circle of our sports. The Africans will be ions if they beat us, but I fancy "the ashes" only con- England and Australia, just as the Rugby Calcutta affects England and Scotland.

HOBBS AND HEARNE START WELL.

Hobbs has started in South Africa where he left off in Eng- his scores of 72 and 80 are an earnest of what is to from his bat. J. W. Hearne played perhaps the best n the second knock, his off driving and cutting ightful to watch. He has also started well with 105 match. He was able to play more light-heartedly and Douglas, for although not quite out of the M.C.C. players had begun to breathe freely before ad to face the music.

ENGLAND AND HOCKEY.

land put a strong hockey team into the field against ay at Beckenham and won by 9 goals to 1. No risks in against the strongest of the Continental hockey nations, and it is gratifying to the English selection te that the side settled down to play so well. Shoveller, although not quite so fast as of yore, was in great form in the centre, and if he can play regularly this year will certainly not be superseded. He was an outstanding figure in the English team, in spite of the fact that B. Langhorst, the German centre, was about the best half-back on the field. Romer, in the German goal, played a great game in his endeavour to keep the scoring down. It was an interesting match, and providing nothing untoward happens to the English players they should win all their matches easily this season.



ABE MITCHELL'S PROFESSIONAL DEBUT.

Abe Mitchell has not waited long after turning professional before doing something startling. Playing a round over the Royal Ashdown Forest course with Mr. Walder (7), to whom he conceded 12 strokes and one hole up, he won by 7 up and 5 to play, and went round in 65. He also won the bye in 3 to 2. This is 2 strokes better than Jack Rowe's professional record, than Horace Hutchinson's amateur figures. The course, by the way, is 79.

CHAMPIONS OF THE YEAR.

End of the competitive golfing season the names of have earned fame for themselves form interesting They are as follows:

British Open Championship.—J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey).
British Amateur Championship.—H. H. Hilton (Royal Liverpool).
British Ladies' Championship.—Miss M. Dodd (Moreton).
Irish Open Amateur Championship.—G. A. Palmer (Handsworth.)
Irish Ladies' Championship.—Miss Jackson (Malahide).
Irish Professional Championship. M. Moran (Royal Dublin).
Scottish Amateur Championship. W. Murray (Broomieknowe).
Scottish Ladies' Championship. Miss J. McCulloch (West Kilbride).
Scottish Professional Championship.—A. Marling (Royal Aberdeen).
Welsh Amateur Championship.—H. N. Atkinson (Chester).
Welsh Ladies' Championship. Miss D. E. Brookes (Carnarvonshire).
Welsh Professional Championship. — G. Gadd (Wrexham).
French Open Championship. — George Duncan (Hanger Hill).
French Amateur Championship. — Lord Charles Hope (Royal St. George's).
French Native Professional Championship. — Arnaud Massy (Nivelle).
French Ladies' Championship. — Mdlle. de Bellet (La Boulie).
Belgian Open Championship. — Tom Ball (Raynes Park).
American Open Championship. — Francis Ouimet (Woodland).

American Amateur Championship.—Jerome D. Travers (Montclair).
American Ladies' Championship.—Miss Gladys Ravenscroft (Bromborough).
Canadian Open Championship. — Albert Murray (Montreal).
Canadian Amateur Championship.—G. S. Lyon (Toronto).
Canadian Ladies' Championship.—Miss M. Dodd (Moreton).
Australian Open Championship.—Ivo Whitton (Melbourne).
Australian Amateur Championship.—A. D. Lampriere (Victoria).
New Zealand Championship.—J. A. Clements (Wellington).
South African Amateur Championship.—J. A. C. Prentice (Johannesburg).
South African Open Amateur Championship.—J. A. C. Prentice (Johannesburg).
German Ladies' Championship.—Fraulein M. L. Eckstein.

Next week I will give a list of winners of the principal open tournaments.

THE CUP FINAL.

Neither the F.A. nor Mr. Husey appear to have acted quite properly in the dirty linen football case which is being thrashed out before the public on the question "Should the final tie be at the Palace?" I was there last year and there undoubtedly was great overcrowding, and lots of people did not see the game. But that was because too many people were admitted to the ground. When Tottenham took too much money at their gates from people who wanted to see them play Aston Villa the F.A. fined the Tottenham club £350, and they fined Manchester City similarly last winter for exceeding the limit in their match with Sunderland. They could not fine themselves, so they are making the Palace authorities sit up.

Mr. Husey published facts and figures marked private and confidential in his letter to the Press. The F.A. reply by telling him so, and they give him the lie direct in other matters. It is all a question of cost, and returns. It seems strange, after the Lord Mayor referring to the final being at the Palace in such felicitous terms at the F.A. dinner the other day, that within the week the Sub-Committee of the

F.A. should have issued broadcast their veiled threat to take the final away from the Palace, and away from London.

LEAGUE FORM.

I said a few weeks ago that Sunderland would be somewhere near the top of the table before long. They are going up fast now, their victories over Blackburn Rovers and the 'Spurs having placed them in a fine position. The Rovers, too, after worrying themselves about their unbeaten record and finally losing it in consequence, showed something of their real form in beating Everton by 6 to 0 last week.

Aston Villa, too, are of opinion that they have languished near the bottom long enough; they properly defeated Manchester City. I might also say, watch the Villa. The 'Spurs will never maintain their high position unless they get a couple of really first-class backs. Collins has got slow and cumbersome, and Webster is a bad judge of pace and distance, fatal failings with a back in first-class footer. It was most noticeable in last Monday's London Cup-tie with Woolwich Arsenal at Stamford Bridge.

Woolwich Arsenal jeopardised their chances of promotion by the 6 to 1 defeat at Fulham. One of the players told me that it was a matter of which club got the first goal. "We went all to pieces afterwards," he said. "Everything came off for Fulham and nothing for us."

WILDING'S GREAT RECORD.

While on the subject of international sport it is pleasing to be able to congratulate A. F. Wilding on his success at Stockholm in the world's covered courts Lawn Tennis championship. He beat M. Germot (France) in the final of the singles, and the Australasian is now world's champion on grass, hard courts, and under cover.

MISS AITCHISON'S SUCCESS.

Just another international victory for England. Miss Helen Aitchison by her victory over Mme. Fenwick (France) at Stockholm, brought the world's covered courts Ladies' championship to this country. Miss Aitchison played at Stockholm and got a silver medal in the Olympic Games. She won the Midlands championship in 1909, the Welsh in 1910, and London covered courts in 1911. She was only beaten at Wimbledon by Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the ultimate winner, in the semi-final round. Miss Aitchison is a Northerner now living at Croydon, and was the only Englishwoman competing at Stockholm.

THE R.U. SELECTION COMMITTEE.

There are to be changes in the constitution of the Rugby Union Selection Committee. G. C. Robinson and J. Baxter alone are to be left of the five who have made history in late years by getting together the strongest English Rugby fifteen in modern times. E. T. Gurdon, T. C. Pring, and V. H. Cartwright have retired, and their places are to be filled by B. C. Hartley, J. Daniell and R. V. Stanley

It was too much to expect that a committee which gave such satisfaction could be kept together indefinitely, and we can only wish the newcomers as happy an ending to their labours as their predecessors had last year. Daniell and Hartley, two of the finest England players of modern times, ought to know a good man when they see him, but it frequently happens that the best of players are poor judges when sitting in a grand stand.

Daniell played three times for Cambridge against Oxford at both Cricket and Rugger. Hartley is also a Cambridge blue, and, like Daniell, is one of the best of England's forwards in International play. Stanley represents Oxford University on the R.U. Committee, has plenty of time, and can travel all over England to see likely players, and is quite as enthusiastic about English Rugby as Daniell himself. He never played international, but if his judgment matches his keenness, he will be invaluable to the Committee.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

The following gentlemen omitted to enclose stamps for [illegible] their rejected M.S.S. and sketches:—C. A. F. A., Ramsg[illegible] story); W. J. O., South Yardsley (sketch), and C. B., Brighto[illegible]

J. F. (Balham Hill).—Thanks for letter and p.c., which [illegible] remarks as to Princess Victoria's visit to Margate.

D. C. (Regent's Park).—Was holding your story for future use, [illegible] can have it back if you want.

Sidney (Manchester).—The best football accountant you can [illegible] is H. Hamilton and Co., of Binningen, Switzerland.

Leonard (London, N.).—Cannot give you our opinion. Puzzl[illegible] are not in our curriculum.

A. H. (Manchester).—We have no commissions to [illegible] be pleased to consider any *short* stories you care to [illegible]

Ambitious (Glasgow) writes:—"How can I [illegible] enough—buy a paper.

J. G. (Stratford).—Originals of sketches [illegible] "Modern Life" are for sale at reasonable prices. [illegible] envelope to the Editor.

Perplexed (Bradford).—Marry the girl!

F. B. (Kingston).—You can send along as many of the "encl[illegible] W.P.B.'s in the offi[illegible] of story as you like. We have two large [illegible] get more if necessary..

H. Simpson (Oldham).—You should first of all write to H. [illegible] and Co., of Binningen, Switzerland, for their terms.

H. P. (Epsom) and others.—Thanks for letters. Always p[illegible] hear from readers.

OUR CODY FUND.

Our Cody Fund is now closed, but we are as yet unable to state full sum realised, as many subscription lists have still to be returned May we ask all who are in possession of these lists to return them to forthwith, together with any money collected? Final lists of subscriptio will be published as soon as possible.

Subscriptions already received.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	120	18	6
R. Richards, Gold Coast Colony	5	0	
Anon.	5	0	
[illegible]	[illegible]		
E. Peacock, Birmingham	2	6	
S. P. G. Greenland, Devonport.	2	0	
S. G. P. Greenland, Devonport.	2	0	
A. Jamieson, Hounslow ...	2	0	
E. Timblick, Bromley ...	2	0	
J. Morris, Englefield Green	2		
J. Bateman, Chesham			
J. Cox, Gateshead			
Miss L. Chambers, Much Wenlock ...			
[illegible] Macnair, Troon ...			
[illegible] Williams, Weston S./M.			
R. H. Jackson, Wallsend.			
W. Hardwidge, Bridgwater			
C. E. Buckeldee, Ipswich			
W. R. Lelliott, Worthing			
W. Hoy, Ilford			
Total to date	£[illegible]		

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£4 a week for life is not to be sneezed at, [illegible] when we say it may be won by a few strokes of [illegible] of this issue is one of our fourth[illegible] which will also appear in next week's [illegible] In will carry off our "£4 a week for life" [illegible] 10s. a week for twelve months to the nearest [illegible] twelve months to the newsagent whose name [illegible] coupon which is successful in securing our first [illegible]

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CLOSING DATE:—
(First post) FRIDAY, NOV. 28th
Further particulars on back page.

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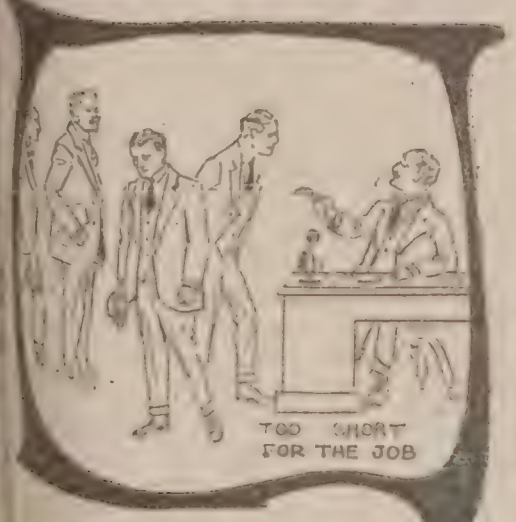

If lack of height is keeping YOU from attaining success in business or sport, do not regard the matter as a drawback which you cannot surmount, but take up my special exercises and increase your height by from two to three inches, as so many others have done.

The letters from students printed on this page furnish conclusive proof that my system can do what I claim for it. I have never met any of these pupils personally, and have given them just the same attention as I give to all my other students. Their full names and addresses will be sent to all inquirers.

My system does not consist of merely straightening you up, but produces real growth.

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in Height."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very good progress. height and all-round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your System I have added approximately three inches to my height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 3 inches, which I think is very good."

W. B. (Kenley) writes: "When I commenced your course my height was 5 feet 2½ inches. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5 feet 4½ inches. This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course. As regards general fitness, I must say it has increased marvellously."

C. J. M. (Cwmgwrach) writes: "I am very pleased with the results. I do not think it was a case of straightening me up, because I do not think anyone could be more erect than I am. I was once taken for a deserter from the Army two years before I enlisted, so you can judge for yourself."

J. M. A. (Belfast) writes: "My health never was better, and I have obtained a splendid all-round development. Even the people that come in and out of the shop say I am getting bigger and looking healthier every day, so I think that is something to be proud of, for before I took up your system it was quite the reverse."

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Since the new account has been opened there have been some signs of growing confidence, but from a speculative point of view none of the markets are worth touching except Oils.

* * *

Some time ago I prophesied we should see a boom in the Oil market, and if it had not been for the very depressing time, I think we should have seen a lot more business doing here, but even now strength and activity are spreading throughout the whole market.

* * *

The Shell Transport subsidiaries have been having quite a good time. We have recently seen a very considerable advance in the price of North Caucasians, and now it seems to be the turn of Trinidad Oilfields.

* * *

This property is now under Shell management, and the shares have risen from 5s. to 11s. 6d., principally owing to there being but a small floating supply of the shares in the market.

* * *

Last March one of the company's wells struck a strong supply of oil and produced 1,500 tons a day, while another well in April produced 500 tons a day. Apparently the management were taken by surprise and the casings of the wells caved in.

* * *

At that time the Company was nearly at the end of its resources, and the Shell Company provided fresh funds and took over the management.

* * *

The importance of a large oil supply in Trinidad in view of the opening of the Panama Canal is obvious, and now that this company is in strong hands we are likely to see the shares steadily improve in price, and we shall possibly see these £1 shares at par in a short time.

* * *

Spies have still further improved in value, and a welcome rally has taken place in Premier Pipes.

* * *

Bar Oils I cannot see that markets are any good for the speculator at the present time, but it is undoubtedly the investor's opportunity and should be taken advantage of.

* * *

My words have come true about Mexican Rails, which have sharply rallied from the very low level they descended to, and there is no doubt whatever that the investor who is prepared to take a long chance here is certain to reap a reward of 20 to 30 points appreciation in price, but I would warn readers that they must be prepared to take up the stock and to buy now, and not wait until prices have recovered.

* * *

Home Rails are worth buying, and for the speculative investor there are many extremely attractive stocks, such as Brighton Deferred, Great Eastern Deferred, and Great Northern Deferred.

* * *

Grand Trunks Third Pref. should be worth picking up at about 50 to 51, and Union Pacifics at anywhere round the present price.

* * *

Among Industrials Brazilian Traction are worth buying at 86 dollars, National Steam Cars at 2[illegible], and Aerated Bread at 4½.

* * *

The Humber Cycle Company has doubled its profits for the last year and has declared a dividend of 6 per cent. on outstanding dividends due on the Preference shares, carrying forward a balance.

* * *

It looks as if Humbers have now turned the corner, and as soon as the remaining dividends due on the Preference shares have been cleared up the Ordinary shareholders look like having a chance again. The £1 Preference Shares now stand at 15s. 6d. and the Ordinary at 8s.

Marconis had a sharp set-back on the report of the commission regarding American Marconis, but they have since recovered.

* * *

Amalgamated Press are firm at 7¾ and Bowerman's Press 1s. shares can be secured at par.

* * *

Readers should secure some of these One Shilling shares as they are likely to appreciate two or three times in value with the prospect of a big dividend for the current year.

* * *

I give below two or three Gild-Edged investments—

Great Western Railway 5 per cent. Guaranteed Stock at 123 yields £4 2s. 3d. per cent.

New Zealand Government 4 per cent. Loan at 97¾ yields £4 2s. 6d. per cent.

Scinde Punjab and Delhi Railway B Annuity at 22 yields £4 2s. 6d. per cent.

Port of London Authority 3 per cent. A Stock at 73 yields £4 2s. 6d. per cent.

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the London Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to buy or sell shares.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

F. James, Bristol.—I cannot advise you to speculate at the present time, as there is nothing doing in any of the markets, and mines and rubber shares are hopeless at the moment.

T. E., Leeds, Mexican Eagle.—It is a speculative investment at the present time, but I recommend it as probably bringing you a good return, as the chances are [illegible] carry 8 per cent. dividend, [illegible] cent.

H. J., Bolton.—If you will send me all the papers regarding the oil company, I will thoroughly investigate and write you in a few days.

H. H., Croydon.—Do not have anything to do with the firm you name. They are a bucket shop, and wrong 'uns at that.

S. R., Harrow.—You should average by buying [illegible] Deferred and Metropolitans.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

To say that the end of the flat racing season is being looked forward to by the majority of backers is to put it mildly, for the long sequence of disastrous turn-ups in form has caused many followers of the sport of kings to be heartily sick of the game.

This may be a pessimistic way of looking at the matter, but it is many a long year since bookmakers had things so much their own way. Indeed many of the leading professional backers have found settling days during the autumn very disconcerting, and it says much for their cheerful equanimity that they still go about their business in characteristic breezy way. Many of the goody-goody spoil-sports who condemn betting would do well to cultivate such temperament.

The stay-at-home punter must also be having a bad time judging by the small number of winners tipped by the newspapers. It is worthy of note that one day last week thirty-three papers whose tips are printed in tabulated form in the early edition of an evening newspaper aggregated between them four winners in 188 attempts. At Kempton Park on the "Jubilee" handicap day this season the prophets fared even more badly than this. But the latter occasion was a day of surprises, the chief of which was the success of Absolute in the big event. I remember one bookmaker vainly offering 50 to 1 against the ultimate winner.

By the way, Absolute's starting price on that day was 33 to 1—grossly unfair odds for those lucky enough to back Mr. Hall Walker's colt away from the course. We had another glaring example of the unfairness of bookmakers in lumping all the outsiders together at odds ranging from 25 to 1 to 20 to 1. This latter price was returned about Knuck-na-Corriga in the Markeaton Plate at Derby, yet many bookmakers were offering 33 to 1 just before the start. And with a little trouble one could have got forties. They do things much better in France, where such winners as Absolute and Knuck-na-Corriga would have been returned by the Totalisator at fabulous odds.

On the same day that Knuck-na-Corriga gave backers another shock there was an unusual incident in the last race, the Doveridge Plate. Rain fell so heavily before the start that most people on the course fled for shelter, and any wagering there was on the two competitors took place after the wag-fall. It is a couple of years since we had a similar case of a race failing to provoke speculation, and on that occasion Hornet's Beauty, in opposition to two moderate horses at Nottingham, was regarded as such a certainty that there was no wagering. Another instance was when Kilbeg beat a big field in a selling race in the month of November, 1907, when the race was started before a market had been formed.

The objection epidemic which at one period of this season caused much annoyance by its frequency, has fortunately not been so prevalent of late. However, an appeal that was sustained, and justifiably so, cropped up at Derby, Draughtsman being disqualified in the valuable Chesterfield Nursery. Happy Warrior, who was awarded the race, was ridden by Archer, who has a great dislike to making objections, and does not do so without very good cause. Happy Warrior has obviously improved a great deal, for at Goodwood in July Draughtsman beat him by a short head at level weights, and last week Happy Warrior, who is a lovely colt, was conceding 21lbs.

Little Wing, who has recently met with some notable successes, is probably one of the strongest light-weight jockeys of the day. Wing was attached to W. Walter's stable before being reapprenticed to Alfred Sadler, junr., who has been able to give him more opportunities of showing his worth. Wing is also quite at home in a boxing ring, and can use the gloves very capably.

Mr. Solly Joel, who is to rent the Duke of Devonshire's stud farm at Polegate, near Eastbourne, from next Christmas, already possesses one of the best appointed breeding establishments in the country at Maiden Erlegh, in the vicinity of Reading.

The Boss, who was bred in Ireland, is one of the most promising three-year-old sprinters seen out for some time. This son of Orby, who is the property of Mr. F. D. Osborne, a gentleman who amassed a big fortune abroad, is likely to win many races next season.

In Bernstein Sir C. Assheton-Smith possesses a horse certain to gain honours in the steeplechasing world. The stables presided over by R. Gore, F. Hartigan, P. Whitaker and Withington are likely to turn out winners during the early weeks of the steeplechasing season.

The acceptance for the last of the season's big races—the Manchester November Handicap—is only a small one, only twenty-one of the fifty-three entries remaining in, and one, Lady Eileen, has since died. Maiden Erlegh, the top weight, has stood his ground, but I cannot greatly fancy Mr. S. Joel's colt after his display in the Markeaton Plate at Derby, albeit this season a horse often wins a big race after a disappointing display. Cyllene More, Wagstaff, Oselle, Dalmatian, Farakabad, Aurette, and Cheerful appear to be the pick of the remainder, and my selection must be

WAGSTAFF,

who should follow up his success of last year. Cheerful and Dalmatian may be placed.

There are three meetings down for decision this week, Warwick occupying Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday; Manchester, Thursday, Friday and Saturday; and Lingfield Park clashing with the latter fixture on the last two days.

Warwick on Monday will provide good sport. The chief prize on the card, the Flying Welter Handicap, may fall to Lord Westbury, the Stratford Selling Handicap to Pantomime II., the Emscotte Welter Handicap to Paulhan, and the Spa Nursery Handicap to Mine.

On Tuesday, Subterranean may show that his form at Liverpool was all wrong, by winning the November Handicap Plate. Siller should take the Warwick Nursery Handicap, and Bellringer the Guy Welter Handicap.

The Leamington Selling Handicap, on the concluding day, may be won by Gay Bachelor, the Milverton Mile Nursery by Bonita, and the November Hurdle Handicap by Fleeting Peace.

The Manchester meeting will, of course, provide the best racing of the week. The Delamere Handicap there on Thursday should be won by Grave Greek, and the Eglinton Nursery Handicap by Westphalia.

On the second day at Castle Irwell Speron should win the Lancashire Nursery Handicap, and on Saturday Brotherstone should score in the Worsley Nursery Handicap.

Poet's Licence may score in the Medway Two-Year-Old Plate at Lingfield Park on Friday, and Inconstant George in the Back End Handicap on the concluding day.

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ALL SQUARE.

The conversation in the smoking room for the last quarter of an hour had been on the subject of the Confidence Trick and other snares far the innocent, when Jones in an offensive manner remarked to me, "I believe anyone could impose on *you*; I should think you are the kind of person who would give his watch to a perfect stranger in the street to be regulated."

"Quite possibly," I replied, "but I should like you all to listen to a short experience of mine."

"Pray, silence for Mr. Brown," said Jones.

"Well," I commenced, "about six months ago I was walking down Regent Street, and I saw a man carrying a board which announced that Nurse Winifred was prepared to give massage and manicure at 5e, Piccadilly Mansions. Now, as a matter of fact, my hands *did* require manicuring, so I thought I might as well go there as anywhere else.

"On arriving at Piccadilly Mansions I found 5e was on the top floor. I rang the bell, and the door was opened by a most beautiful girl ——"

"Don't excite us too much," interrupted Jones.

"She showed me into the dining room," I continued, "and explained that *she* was Nurse Winifred. Then she asked, 'What do you require—manicure, massage or a Crystal Bath? The Crystal Baths are delightful.'

"I don't know why, but I immediately felt certain that there could be nothing I required more than a Crystal Bath.

"'I think I should like a Crystal Bath,' I answered. 'The bathroom is the second door on the left of the passage,' she said. 'I will follow you in a moment, but I must warn you of one thing. I am married, and my husband does not like my doing manicure and massage; but I have to earn some money as he is so mean. He is out now, but if by any chance he should come in you must immediately leave, or I will not be responsible for the consequences. But it is quite all right now. The fee is five pounds,' she concluded, 'but I can assure you it is well worth it.'

"I handed her a note."

Jones and the others, at this point of the narrative, roared with laughter. "Well, you *must* have been a mug," he said; "that enraged husband trick is about a thousand years old."

"Kindly keep your remarks till I have finished," I retorted.

"Well, I left the dining-room to go to the bathroom, and when my back was turned to Nurse Winifred I saw her reflection in the glass of the sideboard and noticed—pardon my mentioning it—that she was putting the note I had given her in her stocking.

"By a piece of good luck, I mistook the second door on the left of the passage, for I found myself not in the bathroom, but in the kitchen.

"At this moment I heard the front door slam and a male voice shout 'What is that man's hat doing in the hall? There is a man here—I will shoot him. Where is he? I suppose in the bathroom.'

"I then heard him running down the passage, and saw him pass the kitchen where I was concealed and rush into the next room (which was the bathroom). With the greatest presence of mind I crept out of the kitchen, slammed the bathroom door, and luckily finding the key on the outside, locked him in. I then ran down the passage into the dining-room, where I found Nurse Winifred.

"'Look here,' I said, with magnificent bluff—for it sounded as if at any moment the bathroom door might fall off its hinges—'unless you return me my note I shall come back here in five minutes with a policeman.'

"This seemed to frighten her, for she immediately handed me a note."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Jones, "did she take the note out of her stocking?"

"No," I answered, "she took it off the mantelpiece."

Jones smiled in a superior manner. "Of course," he said, "it wasn't the same note as you gave her. I bet you it was a forgery."

"What a genius you are," I replied. "When she gave me the note I seized my hat and descended five flights of stairs in about ten seconds. On getting home I looked at the note. As a matter of fact it *was* a forgery, drawn on the Bank of Engraving."

Jones screamed with mirth. "This," he said, "only bears out that you are entitled to be called 'King of the Mugs.'"

"But," I said, "there is one small fact I have not yet mentioned. The note I had given her was also a bad one."

DANIEL CASTELLO.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A London subscriber to *Modern Life* asks my advice upon contemplated suit in English or American style, adding at he is aware, from reading "Outer Man," that I am ot in favour of the American fashion in clothes.

* * *

He is quite correct. I am not an admirer of the American yle, but I would say that the American gentleman—or, if is is too un-democratic, the American with gentlemanly ste—dresses quite like an English gentleman, whether he ets his clothes from England or has them made in the ates. He, in fact, is only distinguishable as an American his clean cut jaw, or when he opens his mouth to dis- rse.

* * *

If my reader, however, wishes to emulate the American see here in the summer months, taking the one trip of his to Europe—steerage or second-class—then here is the ipe.

* * *

Decide the length of coat by the standard that the hands all reach the *top* of the pockets; any search for matches, aught else, to be aided by a downward droop of the oulder pertaining to the arm and hand in action at the ment. Let the fronts be cut some inches longer than the ck.

* * *

If the chest measure is thirty-eight, have the coat built to average 46 chest model, with shoulders widened in pro- tion and sustained by a thick wad of cotton squared with thematical precision, and have in the coat a round dozen pockets.

* * *

"Weskit" long and roomy, four outside pockets, and one ide with flap-hole and button, and big enough to hold a l of dollar bills as thick as the shoulder epaulettes.

* * *

Trousers tight as possible at waist, cut high in waist with holders at back and sides—side pockets and two hip wit holes and buttons. Thigh and knees cut four to six too large "to taste," as the cookery books say; bottoms ed to wear turned up, and the legs cut sufficiently long lop well over the boots, wrinkling the trouser up to the e.

* * *

The hat should be a light grey soft felt, with the appear- e of having been slept upon during the voyage.

* * *

All this, with a mixture of slouch and swagger in the gait, a telephone cigar adjusted to an angle of the mouth so expectoration, without disturbance of "set" of cigar, mple and easy, will complete the picture.

* * *

Should there be any difficulty in procuring the telephone r prescribed in my recipe, I may say that it is the brand lly smoked with the above suit in N'York, the odour perceptible in Chicawgo.

* * *

my consultor, after thinking over my valuable wrinkles e Yankee mode, decides to follow more homely methods is tired of the usual and conventional blues, greys and , let him think of a mixed cheviot suiting, coat made ithout padding on shoulders, moderate soft roll, slit at slightly waisted, three hole and button cuff; vest cut ave last button out of commission; trousers to wear d-up or not as fancy dictates, and knees cut two and f inches wider than bottom.

* * *

mixed cheviots I mean those clothes in which the rings are blended on the surface, giving a variety of in colouring, and a complete change from all self-colour . The tone selected should depend upon the wearer, her dark, fair, sallow or ruddy.

* * *

H.," writes from Colne wanting to know the manner king or tying a bow-tie. To answer this would require es of diagrams and—tell it not in Gath—in spite of full ledge of the theory of the business I cannot tie a decent myself. Fashion dictates that an evening-dress tie must f-built, and each time I don the same I have to get it for me.

* * *

advice to "H.H.," is to drop into a local hosier's, buy e evening-dress tie, price, say, fourpence, ask the sales- man how the tie is to be made and he will willingly and quickly instruct him in the art. Tying a bow is like kissing, one minute of experience is better than a month's readin about it.

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, November 29th, and for the first prize of £4 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 4 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, November 28th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 4.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON	v. BLACKBURN ROVERS.
BURNLEY	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
CHELSEA	v. BRADFORD CITY.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v. ASTON VILLA.
PRESTON	v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
WEST BROMWICH	v. EVERTON.
BRISTOL CITY	v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
LEICESTER	v. HULL.
STOCKPORT	v. HUDDERSFIELD.
CLAPTON	v. BLACKPOOL.
LEEDS	v. NOTTS FOREST.
BIRMINGHAM	v. GRIMSBY.
BRADFORD	v. BURY.
NOTTS COUNTY	v. BARNSLEY.
WOLVERHAMPTON W.	v. FULHAM.
BRIGHTON	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
EXETER CITY	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
NORTHAMPTON	v. WEST HAM.
NORWICH	v. SOUTHAMPTON.
PORTSMOUTH	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

This is the wonderful Magneto Belt that has made thousands of sufferers strong, healthy and vigorous.

I WILL SEND YOU ONE FOR 1/- ONLY.
(See Coupon below.)

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel the Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free of pain, from being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! Then read the simple, straightforward and honest offer I make you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for a Belt to-day and begin to feel its marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

The weak can now be made Strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will-Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, down-hearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed, and miserable, have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s. only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

CALL AND SEE ME.

I am here ready and willing to show you my Belt, and to demonstrate its Magnetic powers to you. If you cannot call then write to me. Remember that my Magneto Belt is Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous troubles, Mind-Wandering, Loss of Will-Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of Similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does not this show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON.** POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
19, Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not return Belt within seven days, I will pay you the balance of 4s., either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist ..... inches.

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1s. extra to pay postage.

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